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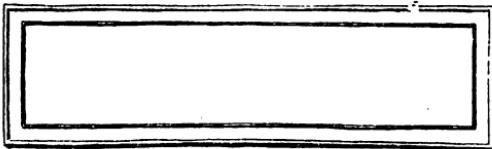
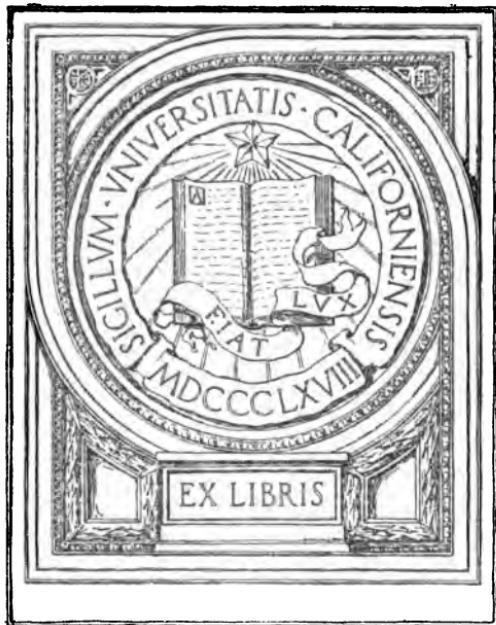
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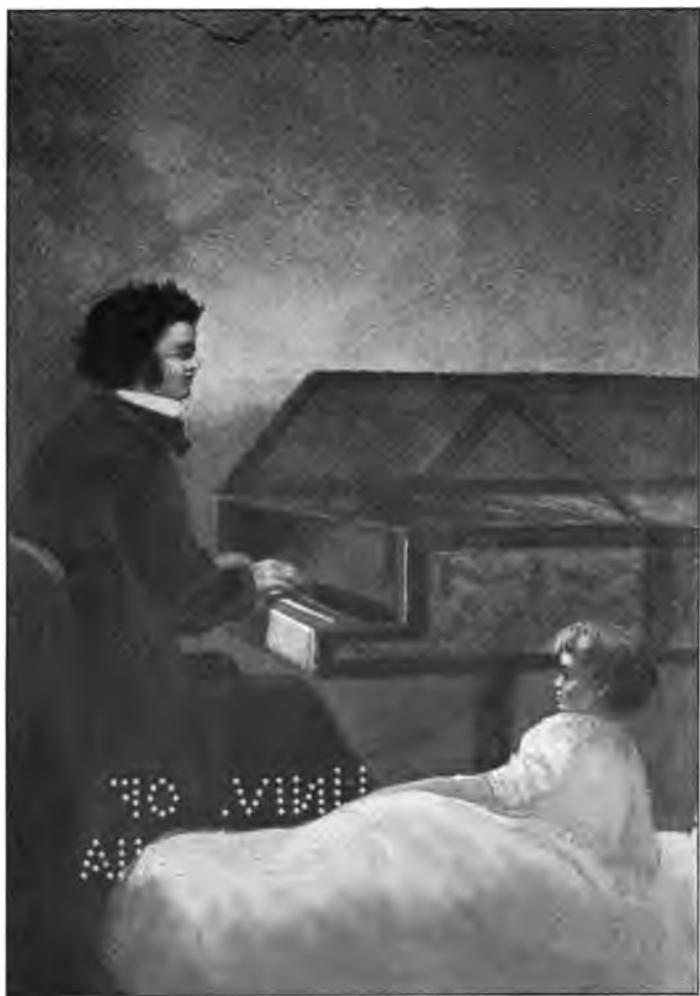




# **SCHUBERT FANTASIES**







*"At this moment Schubert noticed that the invalid had suddenly raised himself up from his reclining position."*

# SCHUBERT FANTASIES

*Adapted from the German of Ottfried  
" "*

BY

A. FOXTON FERGUSON

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## PREFACE

Fiction, to adapt a phrase of Aristotle's, if it does not tell you what did take place on a given occasion, often tells us what well might have taken place.

The following stories are Fiction, but might just as well be Fact. Indeed many of the details given are historically true, while all of them bear some relation to proved characteristics of Schubert. In him fervent imagination was allied to a mind of child-like simplicity. Though a man of little education, he had a scholar's knack of tearing the heart out of a piece of classical literature at first sight.

The following translations are merely an attempt to bring before young admirers of Schubert, stories of several of his songs which reveal somewhat more of the real man than can be learned from his brief Biography.

A word of grateful thanks is due to the Religious Tract Society for its very kind permission to allow me to reprint those of my translations which appeared some years ago in the "Girl's Own Paper."

After all, the charm of Schubert lies in his guileless sincerity; and it can, I suppose, be said of him more truly than of most—

"No matter that his speech doth lack some art,  
Since what went in went to,  
And what came out came from---*his heart.*"

A. F. F.



# **THE ERL-KING**



LITERATURE OF  
CALIFORNIA

THE ERL-KING

"CARL, do put that book away, you are over-taxing your nerves, which are still weak after all the fever you have had. You know the doctor said you were only to read so long as you did not go beyond your strength, and now it's already evening and the room is so dark that you will be injuring your eyes."

So spoke, in her gentle voice, the widow Frau Hedwig to her sixteen-year-old son Carl, who lay on the sofa in a state of semi-convalescence.

If anyone had looked carefully at the youth, he must have feared the very worst. The fever had been raging for months within him, and had burned its way right to the marrow of his bones; so that the doctor had long ago perceived that it was in vain to gamble with Death for his young life. It was the anxious guardian alone, his mother, who had no eye for the danger in which her only son lay, and no notion that Fate had already prepared the cup of sorrow which she must soon drain to its last drop.

"You are very strict to-day, mother; you mustn't grudge me my humble pleasures." Here a hard dry cough interrupted the sufferer, so that he had to pause for a few moments. "You don't know," he continued, "what pleasure Herr

Schubert gave me yesterday by bringing me a book of Goethe's Poems. Have you read them, mother? They are simply beautiful."

"Nay, how am I," exclaimed Frau Hedwig, "to find time for reading and poetry? Work is all I can think of—work to keep us both from want, and to bring you up that you sha'n't one day have to beg your bread—that's what my poetry comes to."

"Oh, mother, how shall I ever repay you for your goodness? Why, you find me the means to study so that I may become a useful citizen, and now you're letting me learn music of our dear Herr Schubert!"

"Well, as to that, it was, you know, Herr Schubert's own desire to be your teacher, and he absolutely refuses to take any pay for the pianoforte lessons he gives you. He says you have talent, and that he is willing to invest his capital on such good security."

"I wonder where he is to-day," said Carl. "You know, mother mine, that, purely out of affection for me, he comes here every day and improvises for an hour or so on the piano. You cannot imagine how it affects me. It seems, when he plays, as though I saw the heavens opened, and angels bending over to listen to his transcendental melodies. If only Herr Schu-

bert would consent, when I ask him, to compose a song, I am certain that the whole musical world would be in ecstasies, and Schubert's song would never be forgotten."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and the conversation between mother and son was broken by the appearance of Dr. Schmidt.

"Good evening, Frau Hedwig, and Carl, my lad, how goes it with you?" interrogated a cheery-looking elderly gentleman.

"Thanks, doctor," said Carl, in a hoarse voice, "quite well. I feel my chest quite free—in fact, so well, so easy, that I think I shall have to take my wing and fly right away over the houses, like a bird escaped from its cage, to sun myself in the beautiful garden of God."

The doctor took the invalid's feverish hand; the pulse was weak but fairly regular.

"Take good care of yourself, Carl, and soon all will be well. For a few more days take plenty of rest, and the time will come when you shall praise God in all the beauty of His works."

"Only one thing, doctor; my mother won't let Herr Schubert see me, if he comes to play to me in the evening; because she thinks it is too much for my nerves. Please do tell her that Herr Schubert may play to me; it really

makes me sleep, and gives me the happiest dreams."

"Well, so long as Schubert takes care, Frau Hedwig, not to do our Carl any harm! And if the fever should return in the night, just give him the cooling draught which has worked wonders for him before. Good night."

Hardly had he left the room when a tear trickled down his cheek, which he had tried hard to keep back in the presence of the sick boy. "Poor plant," he muttered to himself, "scarce blossomed as yet on the bosom of the earth before withered, and compelled to return to it again. Great Gardener, up there above the stars, take it to Thyself, and transplant it into those fields where Thy heavenly flowers do all thrive in the perpetual light of Thy goodness and power." At the front door he met Schubert.

"Doctor," said Schubert, "how is our dear patient?"

Dr. Schmidt shrugged his shoulders.

"So bad, doctor? No hope of saving him?"

"None my friend; he is palpably getting weaker; the fever is still consuming him, and is using up completely the little strength that remains to him. His end will come lightly, like a sleep. Poor youth!"

"Poor mother," gasped Schubert.

"But don't delay, Schubert; the sufferer is waiting impatiently for you. I hear that you are practising every day a beautiful sacred work. You are trying to brighten the poor fellow's last hours through the power of music. You do right. Your music comes from the heart and goes in turn to his. To-morrow I shall come again. How long will my visits continue? Well, we are in God's hands."

Much moved, the two friends parted.

For the youth Schubert felt a most sincere devotion. He had known him for five years, since the time, in fact, that he had occupied a room in Frau Hedwig's house after she became a widow. At his very first meeting with Carl the musician had felt himself drawn to the boy, and later they were bound together by the invisible bonds of their mutual love for music. For the first time the accord between them was to be interrupted by the harsh dissonance of death.

With a heavy heart Schubert entered the sick-chamber, lighted as it was by nothing but the pale rays of the moon, which caused the invalid's wasted cheeks to look even paler and more ghastly than they really were.

"Good evening, Carl. Still on the sofa—not yet in bed?"

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Franz. I only wanted to stay up till you came. I felt so well and so much easier to-day. Dr. Schmidt is very pleased with his patient. He left me only this moment; you must have met him on the stairs."

"Yes, I saw him," replied Schubert, with difficulty struggling to regain composure.

"And now, please," said Carl, seeing that Schubert was about to sit by him on the sofa, "please, if you will, go straight to the piano. I am longing to hear you to-day. It is so quiet here in this room, and it's so romantic, with the moon yonder shedding its full light upon us, and the golden stars twinkling so brightly. I've asked mother not to light the lamp, it's so much more poetical, and the more poetry there is about us the more a great poet like you will be in your element."

"But where is your mother?" asked Schubert, who feared to be left alone with the dying boy.

"She is at her evening prayers," answered Carl. "I wonder whether she will remember me in them?"

Schubert felt a choking sensation at his throat. Then, trembling with emotion, he opened a piano which stood facing the sofa on which Carl lay.

"What am I to play you?"

"Nothing by anyone but yourself," exclaimed the other, "some little fancy of your own."

And Schubert began. At first a wailing melody like the cry of a soul in torments, then the song rose up and grew quicker and quicker, till the right hand seemed hardly able to follow the flight of the player's thoughts.

At this moment Schubert noticed that the invalid had suddenly raised himself up from his reclining position, and after moving himself round so as to catch the full light of the moon, had seized with trembling eagerness the book which was lying close to him on the table, and was turning over the leaves.

Suddenly, the youth's lips began to move, and he commenced to recite, his voice combining with the music to produce a most weird effect.

"Who rideth by night through the forest so wild?

It is the father embracing his child;  
He holds the loved one in his strong arm,  
He grasps him firmly, he keeps him warm."

Schubert shuddered; he tried to break off the song, he could not do it. The wan face of the invalid gave an appealing glance, and he was obliged to continue.

Schubert, who had never yet composed a song, now found the right tones in the expression

with which the reciter declaimed them. And when the youth came to the place where the tones grow more alluring, the musician's fingers moved in sympathy, and seemed as though they were being lulled to sleep by visions of enchanting loveliness—

“Wilt go with me, my darling child?  
With lovely games shall thy hours be beguil'd;  
And flowers and clothes and many a toy,  
My mother has got for her darling boy.”

And again the lad's voice grew stronger and stronger, as Schubert fell once more into the mysterious melody with which he had commenced.

Frau Hedwig had meanwhile entered the room, and was listening quietly to this wonderful combination of inspired forces.

Carl's voice grew more and more powerful, till he reached the words, “The Erl-King has seized me and made me his own,” which he gave out with an almost superhuman strength.

There was a pause. Schubert wished to leave the piano.

“We are not yet at the end! Do stay Franz! I must read you the conclusion of the poem. How beautifully you have pictured Goethe's words! Not a note has escaped me, and to-

morrow I'm going to write it all down. Now, you see, your first song is composed. How often have I begged you to write one, and here, in a moment, you have fulfilled my request. But we must finish it, for I'm getting very tired. Listen! There's the church clock striking nine, and the moon has vanished behind the clouds. Mother dear, do go and bring us a light."

His mother went towards the door.

With changed voice the invalid began to recite the last verse. Schubert caught the right mood in a moment. Then, more in a breath than with his voice, Carl uttered the last words, "The child was dead."

A string of the piano broke, and the sound went clanging through the chamber. The mother brought the lamp into the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the cemetery at Wahring, in the same burial-ground where the immortal master-singer Schubert has been resting for some years, there hung for several days after that evening, upon a wooden cross over a humble grave, a fresh wreath of flowers, and it had attached to it a white ribbon, on which, in black handwriting, these words stood clearly out—

"The Birthday of my Erl-King was the day  
on which my dear pupil Carl Hedwig died."



# **WITHERED FLOWERS**



## WITHERED FLOWERS

IT was the month of May, in all its fulness and glory. The fields and meadows lay basking in light and warmth, and the same bright sun which impartially shines upon all alike, upon palace and upon cottage, had even found its way through the narrow gratings of the prison, bringing with it a message of hope, and anticipation of freedom to the captives who were confined within its walls.

But the day was passing, and as the sun sank in the sky it looked in at a window all overgrown with creepers and ivy, in order to cast a farewell glance upon the great genius whom Apollo had chosen for his own, Schubert, the composer.

Schubert, sunk in thought, was sitting at the piano with Müller's poems before him—the poet whom he had already more than once immortalized by digging out the rough stones, and then cutting and polishing them till they shone like priceless jewels. Occupied with his own thoughts, and entirely oblivious of the outside world, he did not hear a sharp rap at his door, and it was not until it had been repeated several times that he unwillingly

looked up to see what was the matter, and then noticed Theresa, his old housekeeper, who had nursed him from his cradle, standing there, all eager to speak.

"Sir, it is high time you were off, if you don't wish to miss the funeral sermon. I saw the parson go into the house just now. Ah, but it's a pity about poor Cecilia, that she has been called away so soon!"

"Do not be sorry for the dead, Theresa," said Schubert, still a little put out by the interruption. "After all, this is the first time that we can really speak of her as happy."

Without another word, but with much shaking of the head, the old woman reached down his hat, which Schubert took from her hands in silence. He then left his own flat and descended to the second floor of the mansion in which he lived. It was one of the saddest of tragedies—a mother had lost her only child. Cecilia was only eighteen years of age, the daughter of a widow, and now she had gone. The struggle had been a short but stern one. But if death had claimed her body, there was good hope for believing that her soul had escaped, and passed on the wings of glory into the abode of blessedness and immortality.

Schubert entered the chamber of death, or

as it seemed, rather, the bower of flowers, which, as though sorrowing for their sister in beauty and innocence, were hanging their heads around her in grief at her loss. The coffin was not yet closed, and it appeared as though a halo, a promise of future glory, hung about the fair young face of the maiden.

It was no idle curiosity, but sympathy of the most reverent kind, which filled the hearts of those standing by. And at this moment it was the turn of the minister, a grey-headed, venerable man, to speak a few words of comfort. He belonged to the family, in fact, it was the uncle who was to perform this last sad duty of affection towards the young niece who had gone before him. The little address he gave was uttered in a quavering voice, and every eye was moist as he referred to the maiden's past life, and then, turning to the bereaved mother, bade her, in words full of consolation and hope, look forward to a happy reunion with her daughter hereafter.

But the thing which astonished Schubert, who was standing near to the minister, was to hear him close in the following words—

“Depart, then, in peace, picture of rare devotion and self-sacrifice; and those words which in thy unhappy life brought thee so

much consolation, I utter now as my last words to thee—

“The May has come for thee,  
Thy winter is o'er.”

His voice died away, the coffin was closed, and the mourners silently separated, with just a word or two of sympathy with the mother in her bereavement. A few went up to the minister to thank him for his touching address, among whom would have been Schubert, had not the minister interrupted him by turning to him and saying—

“Herr Schubert, I saw that you were surprised at my making reference at the close of my address to one of the songs you have composed. You naturally could not guess the reason which prompted me to insert that quotation. But here, in my hands, is a gift which I was to hand over to you at the express desire of my dear niece.”

With these words he handed over to the musician a sealed packet.

“You will, I am sure, spare a tear to her memory when you examine the contents, and—God bless you, Herr Schubert—I must now go to the cemetery.”

The minister left the room, and Schubert, in bewilderment at receiving a bequest from one

who had been utterly unknown to him, followed his example, and silently withdrew.

Once back home, before his desk, Schubert sat with the packet in his hand.

"Why do I tremble at opening it?" he was saying in an undertone to himself. "Why do I tremble? It is my own. And yet—by this gift I seem to be brought into connection with one who is dead."

Quickly breaking the seal, he undid the wrapper. A sheet of paper, to which a bunch of withered flowers was affixed, met his eyes. The nosegay consisted of roses and forget-me-nots, bound together with golden threads of hair. On the edge of the paper, just beneath the leaves, were written these words—

"May is come,  
And winter is o'er"

and over the words, the little melody which Schubert had composed for them.

Next to this lay a few loose leaves cut out of a diary, along with a letter addressed to "The Master-singer, Schubert."

"What a strange bequest to make to me, an utter stranger to her! What can the connection be between my song and these flowers?"

He tore open the letter, cast but a look on the handwriting—"from her!" and then read—

"Honoured Master,—When these lines reach your hands the grave will lie between us. Thus I can tell you all about these enclosures without blushing for my handiwork. You will be surprised to receive this message from an unknown girl, and to find it written in her very life's blood; but when you have read it, you will understand my purpose. Please accept my warmest gratitude for the song, which, however unintentionally, you have dedicated to me, and spare me, if you can, a passing thought of remembrance."

Schubert seized the loose sheets, which were covered with writing in a dainty feminine hand, though here and there they showed traces of some abnormal excitement.

The first page bore this inscription—"The eve of my seventeenth birthday."

"A bride! How full of meaning the word. I can scarcely think that it is I who am the bride. To be united with him whom I love so inexpressibly, who is my world, and my all! Ah, do I deserve to be so happy? Robert is so clever and, as all my friends say, so handsome. In Society he shines so brightly that my vanity whispers to me that every woman must envy me. How has it come about that an ignorant girl such as I should have arrested his

attention that evening at the ball? What was it that chained him to my side all the time, and that showed me a new and undiscovered world when I looked into his dark eyes? How proud I was to see him unmoved by the luxuriant beauty of the rose but entranced by the humble little violet! The words that passed between us that first evening that we met—these must for ever remain locked up in my own bosom. However, Robert asked my mother's leave to visit us, and I saw her whisper some words in his ear which made him look very seriously at me, and then blush to the roots of his hair. I knew not then the reason, but now it is clear. The flame burned up the sacrifice. Next day he laid his hand in mine and spoke—

“‘Cecilia, will you be mine, in life and for life?’”

“And all my quivering pulses answered, ‘Yes.’ My mother, with streaming eyes, blessed us both. Robert put his arms around me, I felt a kiss on my lips, and heard a whisper in my ear, ‘My own lovely bride.’”

With heightened interest Schubert took up the second leaf, inscribed, “On my Saint's Day.”

“Alas, alas! The catastrophe which I have

long suspected has taken place. To think that I must still live! A harsh discord, which can never be resolved, has broken in upon our harmony. Robert is—how can I utter it—I am deceived in my marriage vows—he is, he himself confesses it, a freethinker, who has no faith, no belief in a Divine Being who lives above us in His own blue Heaven. Ah, how I long now for the great true Teacher who lived two thousand years ago, and befriended those who had faith! But I can win him round. His hand has lain in mine. I will trust him, I will appeal to him. In vain. As well might I have kept silence. He only laughed at me and despised me. I yearned to be one with him in my inmost heart; he regarded me from without and cared nothing for my feelings. My feelings became automatic, I became a mere machine; the joints of the machine broke, and all the mechanism was destroyed.

“O ye flowers yonder, which only to-day he gave me as a token of his love, you will wither upon my breast just as my faith in my husband has been withered up and destroyed. God in his mercy forgive him!

“The conflict is over. I know that I must go, and I go happily and peacefully. If only

I could take my mother with me to a better world. But she will be glad to know that I am happy. Once more I seem to hear that glorious song—yes, it speaks true now—

“‘May is come,

The winter is o’er.’

“Do you realize, inspired master, how much your song has cheered me, what consolation it has brought me in all my grief? My heart was frozen up, but your song made my pulses beat again in ever warmer and warmer throbs towards my fellow-men. Thus, without knowing it, your creative genius has dedicated a song to me; and, without knowing you, I accept it as your gift to me—as a star which has lightened my dark path, and which guides me now to the place where I would be.

“Will you accept from her who is now going home a flower in token of remembrance? ‘Withered Flowers’ you dedicated to me, and withered flowers, whose fate I shared on earth, does she give you in return whose sufferings you enlightened by means of your divine poesy. Who it is that sends you these flowers you will learn from a perusal of the first two pages of this diary. My uncle has promised me faithfully to place them in your hands.

“Despise not the gift—for it is the only one, and the best that I have.”

Schubert paused for a moment, much moved by what he had read. But, as to the connection between her disappointed hopes and his composition, he had already read two pages and was no wiser than before.

"Who would ever have supposed," muttered Schubert, "that this delicate creature had such a will of iron? I am only grieved that death should have taken her away before ever I knew her. It might be that I could have helped her."

He passed on to the third page.

"What a change in the handwriting!"

This last sheet bore no inscription.

Evening had already drawn her dark curtain over the sky, and the stars had come out to watch; the moon was climbing up the heavens, and shone, as it rose, upon the face of Schubert, leaning, full of thought, in his window. In his eye a tear glistened for her who had gone. Above him, a nightingale was raising her lonely song of lament.

# **THE ORGAN GRINDER**



## THE ORGAN GRINDER

EVERYONE knows the big mansion at Meidling which lies so pleasantly at the foot of the hill, next to the Emperor's summer residence of Schonbrunn. It is enclosed by beautiful trees, and is further protected from the dust of the street which runs past it by a large garden. On the front of the house a dark escutcheon is conspicuous, and upon it, in gold letters, the friendly greeting, "Welcome!"

It was on a lovely summer's day that sounds of mirth and joy might have been heard proceeding from the rooms. Had you looked in at the open windows, you would have seen servants in brown liveries and gold lace hurrying about with silver trays in their hands. The meal seemed to be finished, and the guests were evidently preparing for an informal chat over their café noir.

It was a ground-floor room—a kind of conservatory, the sides of which were overgrown with all sorts of creeping plants, from among which many a lovely flower peeped its tiny head. In the middle stood a small fountain, and in the centre of the basin a nymph, holding out a crystal bowl of sparkling water.

Round the fountain were ranged chairs and tables. Ludmilla, Countess of Wangenheim, who owned the mansion, was giving a party, and the guests had just gathered here after lunch. A careful observer would have seen at once that all that the Royal Borough could boast in the way of talent or beauty was gathered here. The man of fortune fraternized with the man of genius; persons of high military or civil rank rubbed shoulders with artists and poets. It was, in fact, no caste assembly, but in very truth—a party.

In a niche of one of the windows stood two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation together. One wore the becoming and brilliant uniform of a colonel of Hussars, decorated with a whole row of orders; the other was clothed in a simple suit of black.

"Herr Schubert," said Count Erben—for this was the officer's name, "do try to persuade the Countess to sing to us. I feel she cannot give her guests any greater pleasure than to hear her."

"I will do what I can with her," said Schubert; "but I am here to beg, and not to command. Is not this last," he added in a softer voice, "rather the role of her intended?"

"'Command,' Schubert? That's a word

that's not to be found in a lover's dictionary. Command one's fiancée? My good friend, 'tis clear enough you were never engaged?"

"No, Count; I am more than that—I am married—married to a being to whom I have entrusted my whole life. I know she is apt to be changeable and fickle. Her name is—Imagination! And she has golden wings and flies where she will."

"Then I should chain her down."

"Oh, no; I am her husband, not her jailor. And if she does now and then grant a tête-à-tête to another, yet she has belonged to me a goodly time, and I've an idea that it will be long before she deserts me. But, seriously, I will certainly tell the Countess of your wish."

A moment later, a gentle hand was placed upon the arm of the Count, while a blue eye glanced up into his face.

"Count Erben has need, then, of an interpreter? And you, Herr Schubert—you were persuaded to assume this office?"

Thus appealed to, Schubert answered with a laugh—

"I really can't explain how it came about, Countess, for today you ought to have the sole privilege of granting favors."

"In that case, I know all Hugo's wishes in advance. He would even levy toll on my fingers; wants some Beethoven, 'just this once,' as he always puts it. I really ought not to—but what won't one do to keep some people in good temper?"

She motioned to her servants to pull the piano forward a little, and opened it.

"What shall I sing?"

"'Adelaide,' if you will—to my mind the finest picture of pure love ever yet composed," entreated her lover.

"Well, you shall have it, as a reward for your good taste."

The Countess began; but hardly had she struck the first chord when the melancholy tones of a barrel-organ came floating in through the open window, mingling themselves in excruciating discords with the tones of the song.

Annoyed at the unexpected interruption, the Countess sprang up from the piano.

"It's really intolerable!" she said. "Musicians of this class are nothing but vagabonds who exist for the sole purpose of driving mankind to despair. George"—and she turned to one of her servants—"give the man a trifle,

and tell him not to rack our nerves any more with his tunes."

Schubert had no fondness for this sort of liberality. And what none other ventured, he, as a very old friend of the Wangenheim family, dared to say.

"My dear Countess," he said, drawing close to her in the window niche, "I never can reconcile this sort of giving with our Christian charity. You are giving out of selfishness and not out of pity, just to save yourself what is unpleasant. Yet perhaps the poor man, through no fault of his own, is dependent on his playing to save himself from starvation. I grant you that his tune is a bit out of date and not particularly pleasing to the senses, but there are potentialities even in the barrel-organ; he could get a fresh 'barrel' and give us some of the modern music. What say you"—and here a sudden thought occurred to him—"to my assertion, that you yourself, Countess, will, before a week has flown, if this fellow should bring his organ here again, beg him to repeat the piece of music which he has played?"

"What a ridiculous idea, Herr Schubert!" exclaimed Ludmilla, who was a little bit net-

tled at the somewhat sharp way in which, as she thought, he had taken her up.

"Well, shall we make a wager about it, Countess? This is my proposal. Should my prediction come true, and you ask the organ-grinder to repeat his tune, you are to provide him with a small monthly allowance. Should you, however, not do so, then I shall be responsible for his relief."

"Gentlemen"—and Ludmilla turned to the company—"you are witnesses of what has passed between Herr Schubert and me; to-day week I invite you to meet me here again to see the issue of the matter."

During this conversation both parties had been standing at the window, in front of which a little play was being enacted, which was the more disagreeable to Ludmilla from the feeling that Schubert's criticism had been a just one.

The servant George had just gone up to the organ-grinder. It was a scene worthy of Murillo. The poor man, with his spare form, sunken eyes, and pallid face, looked a pitiable picture of wretchedness and want; while his white hair hung like a worn-out frame round some faded picture.

No sooner, however, had the old man

caught sight of the magnificent gold livery of the servant than he waved off the outstretched hand, hoisted the organ on his back, and fled, as if for dear life, to the neighboring hill.

"Countess," exclaimed Schubert, "I simply must find out what has put him in such a fright! I feel somehow as though he had been brought here for a purpose for which you will ever feel grateful."

He quickly took leave of the Countess, and hurried away. The latter went back to the piano and resumed the song which had been so rudely and unexpectedly interrupted.

Schubert had seized his hat and stick and was already away after the old man. If the latter had the advantage of several minutes' start, the former had, at any rate, the advantage in point of age. All at once he came in sight of a small knot of people who, in reply to his question as to what was the matter, told him that an old organ-grinder had fallen down in a faint. Pushing his way through, he recognized the object of his pursuit. The old man lay stretched on the green turf, with his head resting on the lap of a woman who was bathing his temples with a wet handkerchief. Just then he opened his eyes, but closed them again through weakness. Schu-

bert saw that it was a case for immediate action, so he bade two strong laborers who were idly looking on lift the man up and carry him to the nearest inn, where he promised himself to see that the invalid was cared for. At Schubert's request the landlord had the unconscious man brought into a private room and laid on a couch, and, restoratives being applied, presently had the satisfaction of seeing him come slowly round.

"Where am I? What has happened to me?" he asked in a scarcely audible voice.

Schubert signed to the landlord to leave them alone, while the organ-grinder's gaze wandered round and round the room in wonder, till at last it fell on Schubert's kindly countenance. He tried to speak, but stopped short through exhaustion.

"Don't distress yourself, old man, you are in good hands; you are in no danger; it was only a momentary giddiness that seized you."

"Oh, my poor Catherine," tearfully exclaimed the old man, "if she knew in what a helpless plight I am! I am breaking down under the burden of years, and who will then care for my poor, poor child?"

"Come, come, you'll soon be all right."

"Ah, sir, you don't realize how dependent

we poor folks are on our bodily powers. As for me, if there were only myself to think of, I should not care how soon death came to extinguish my light. But there is another, a mere bud, which must perish if its gardner dies, perish of want, or be brought, maybe, to shame. That is, sir, the fearful thought that weighs me down."

A fresh attack of faintness seized the man as he lay on the sofa.

"This man has seen better days—that I can see at a glance," thought Schubert. "I wonder what his secret is?"

"Yes," muttered the old man, "and it was that very look which I had so often—How it opens afresh my old wounds! I saw her at the window. I recognized the Countess Ludmilla. She was—a member of that family." Then, fearing he had already said too much, he turned with a plaintive gesture to Schubert and said, "I'm quite well now; if you will allow me, I will proceed; Catharine will be getting anxious."

"What! You would go home alone? Nay, that cannot be—you have a long way to go, and are not very strong yet."

"Oh, but I do not live far from here—only yonder, where those farthest cottages stand;

it is there that a little faithful woman shares a crust with me."

"Nay, I go with you in any case," interrupted Schubert, who felt some mysterious influence compelling him to try to find out more about the old man's life, especially since he had heard him mention the name of the Countess of Wangenheim.

"You will excuse my presumption, but I cannot quite understand why you, a stranger, should display such goodwill towards me! For I certainly cannot offer you any return for all the kindness you have shown me."

"Yes, you can give me some information—but of that anon."

The old man strode up and down the room for a little, drawing in the cool evening air which was streaming in through the open window; and then, feeling that his strength had come back to him, turned to Schubert and said—

"If I may be allowed then, I think I ought to go. It's beginning to get dark, and Catherine always gets anxious if I am late in returning."

They broke off the conversation and went out, Schubert walking in silence by the side

of the old man. Both of them seemed to have plenty to occupy their minds.

The old man sighed deeply and often, as though over some past memories; while the composer hummed snatches of melody to himself, which would perhaps one day be united in a song.

A quarter of an hour's walking, or less, brought them to a halt before an old tumble-down cottage, from within which a youthful voice was issuing.

"Yes, that's Catherine's voice," exclaimed the old man. "Youth insists on being happy."

"But what a glorious voice! Do you know, old man, that in your child you have a jewel, if you care to turn her voice to account?"

"At the price of her ruin—never, never," cried the old man. "Two years ago, after I had been driven to seek my livelihood with this old organ, I began to take her with me, and she was obliged to sing to these gruesome tones. But if I can help it, never again! Her beauty draws too much admiration upon her."

At this moment the young girl herself appeared at the cottage door, and, with an exclamation of joy, flew to his arms. She was

a lovely girl of not more than sixteen years, just entering upon womanhood.

"You are late," she exclaimed. "I was getting anxious. You must be tired. Come along in. Supper is ready, or will you"—she went on as she took the organ from his back—"spend the rest of your evening in the fresh air?"

"Yes, that's what we'll do," said the old man in affectionate tones, "and you can bring our supper into the garden. But don't you see I have brought home a stranger?" and for the first time Catherine directed her glance toward Schubert. "You must make the gentleman welcome, Catherine, and afterwards I'll tell you how much we are indebted to him. Just at this moment we are going to stay out here together, and you can run off to your work."

The girl vanished again into the cottage.  
"And now, sir, let me thank you once more," said the old man, "from my heart for your kindness to me."

"But I hope this is not to be the beginning and end of our friendship, for I must confess," added Schubert, "that ever since I set eyes upon you I have been full of curiosity about you. I saw you reject the money the

Countess Wangenheim sent you. I saw you scurry off. Later, I heard you mention the Countess's name. Tell me, there's some connection between you?"

"Oh," sighed the organ-grinder, "that's a very sad story! But before I reply, you must allow me to ask you a question—are you a friend of the Wangenheim family?"

"For five years I have known them intimately."

"In that case you know the name of Carl Logner?"

"The secretary who——"

"Precisely," exclaimed the old man with a distressed look in his face. "Who stole from his employer the sum of fifteen thousand gulden, which he abstracted from the safe. I am the father of that unhappy man, and Catherine is his child. Which said, I must, for the sake of the dead man's honor, tell you more. For my boy was innocent, and it was unjust suspicion which killed him. But your name—may I not know it?"

"Schubert."

"Schubert, the composer?"

"The same."

"The man of warm heart and fervid imagination. Come, then, let's go into the poor

man's garden, for even he has a bit of grass and a flower or two which he dignifies by that name, and there you shall have the whole story."

"My dear Logner, I shall be only too glad to hear everything you will tell me."

They walked down into the garden, as it was called, where stood a wooden bench and table. There they sat together like old friends. The clock from the village of Hetzendorp struck. The old man reverently raised his cap and silently uttered a short evening prayer.

"Now," said he, "for my tale. And when I have finished, blame Carl if you will, but not before."

"I was steward at one of the many country seats which belong to the Wangenheim family, and I served my employer loyally for forty years. The Count had other interests, and the management of the entire estate devolved almost wholly upon me. At the end of that time I moved into this town, and the only regret I had in doing so lay in the fact that I could not bring my wife with me, as she had died a couple of years before my removal. The change of abode was rendered necessary by the education of my son Carl,

to whom, thanks to the thrifty life I had led, I was able to give every possible advantage for the training both of his mind and body. Well was I rewarded. The lad turned out even better than my expectations; so that, as soon as he had completed his studies, he was sent for by the Count, who, in recognition of my long services in his house, took him, and, in spite of his youth, made him his secretary. Not long afterwards he met a girl who, though poor, was in every way admirable, and in course of time she became his wife.

"Unfortunately, the very day that Catherine was born, her mother died, and from that date the dark shadow of misfortune grew blacker and blacker over the hitherto happy fortunes of the family.

"Carl took the loss of his young wife very deeply to heart, and began not to show the same thoroughness in his work as formerly. He had already on several occasions had to gloss over the small errors in the accounts. But it was on November 25th, the anniversary of his wife's death, that, having been to pay a visit at her grave, he found the Count's son awaiting his return, and pacing up and down the office in a state of agitation border-

ing on frenzy. As soon as the young Count saw him he closed the door and fell on his knees before Carl, imploring him for pity's sake to save him from disgrace and dishonor. 'If I cannot,' he said, 'lay hands on 15,000 gulden within the next half hour, in order to redeem a promissory note to which, in a moment of folly and recklessness, I have put my father's name, I am a lost man! You know my father, and how punctilious he is where his honor is concerned. Yet I feel certain that if I can only meet this bill, he will not refuse to pardon me when I confess all. Within twenty-four hours I promise to speak with my father, and he will be grateful to you for acting so promptly to save my honor. Meanwhile, for your immediate protection, I shall give you, my dear Logner, this written receipt I have here, which states that you have handed over the sum to me for my benefit.'

"He laid a sealed letter upon the table. Carl, not thinking of treachery, but only occupied with the young man's distress, decided that the old Count would probably be gratified at finding him so anxious to protect his name, and accordingly handed over the necessary sum of money to the importunate youth..

No sooner had Eugen received the money than he hurried away as fast as his legs would carry him. Carl took the receipt and put it, just as it was, within the safe, not without some qualms of uneasiness for which at the time he could not quite account.

"Next day, going to his office as usual, he noticed, as he passed, an unusual stir in the Count's house; all the servants were standing in groups, and were whispering together in subdued voices. As he made his way through in order to gain the apartments which were set aside for the business of the estate, he was about to inquire the reason for this commotion, when a servant came up and in an excited whisper informed him that that night the young Count had absconded, leaving behind him a huge number of debts, particulars of which he had specified in a letter to his father.

"Lightly spoken though they were, the words resounded like the trump of doom in Carl's ears. Half fainting, he threw open the doors of the safe, unsealed the envelope which Eugen had given him the previous day, and found—a blank sheet! Stunned by the stroke, he was lying almost unconscious before the safe when the Count entered. What fol-

lowed, Herr Schubert, you can but too well imagine. Carl asserted his innocence. The Count listened to his tale with incredulity. 'Why,' said he, 'should I believe that he whom till yesterday I called by the name of son really gave you this?' Utterly prostrated by the misfortune, Carl was brought home that evening in a carriage. Next day symptoms of fever appeared, and ten days later he died, without being able to recognize either his father or child.

"And now I, a grey-headed old man, stood alone—alone by the cradle of my grandchild. To make matters worse, while Carl was ill I had received a communication from the new secretary who was put in his place, in which I was informed that in recollection of my past services, the Count did not feel inclined to take any legal proceedings, or to hold any inquiry whatever; but that the money I had advanced to cover the loss of the missing sum must be forfeited. It was to no purpose that I begged for an audience of the Count. They simply gave me to understand that the Count had done enough by consenting to keep silence over the affair, and that he refused to re-open discussion on a matter which was so disagreeable to him.

"The pain I experienced at the loss of my only son and at the stigma placed upon his name had the effect of bringing a serious illness upon me, and I had to spend some time in the hospital. On coming out into the world again, I found that my tiny income did not suffice for one-half of the barest necessities of life. The secret of my son's misfortune had been well kept, but nothing could prevent it from leaking out. The consequence was, no one would help me, and it became a question of bare existence for myself and my little grandchild. At last, in despair, I took all that remained of my capital, bought an organ, and went with it from house to house. I played dances while my heart bled; and every note that I drew from my instrument cried out for bread—bread for Catherine and me. As the child grew older I discovered what a voice she had, and I taught her to sing little songs to the airs I played, the words of which I composed. But as she got still bigger, my whole nature began to rebel against bringing her up to this kind of life, and making my little grandchild into a street vagabond. And so—I jog on alone—for how long, I know not—only He can tell Who clothes the lilies of the field, and suffers not

that a single sparrow should fall unheeded to the ground.

"It was a mere accident that led me to the house where I once more set eyes on a member of the Wangenheim family; the rest you know. Oh, sir, I have gone through much; the picture of my past is dark enough, but darker still is that which the future presents to my gaze."

The old man ceased, exhausted, and a tear trickled down his wasted cheek.

"But, my dear Logner, did you never try, after some further time had elapsed, to approach the Count, or at any rate to find proofs which might in some degree at least have cleared Carl? For I know as a fact that the name of Eugen is never mentioned now in the Wangenheim family, and that the old Count, to the day of his death, would not have the name uttered in his presence. I know, moreover, that the Countess Ludmilla is in the secret, and that only a short while ago she took steps in every direction to discover your whereabouts."

"I have for long buried my tarnished name under the seal of secrecy, and by young and old alike I am known simply as 'Martin, the organ-grinder.' But you, Herr Schubert, you

have heard from my lips the history of my misfortune. I beg you then, don't abuse my confidence, nor reveal to busybodies what I have kept from them for so long."

"Now, Logner; you don't mean to say I am not to inform the Countess that I have found you out; nor to tell her that she is now, by the interposition of Providence, in a position partly to right the grievous wrong done to you by her family?"

"No, never," cried the old man. "The Count condemned without hearing, and, without proofs against my son, drove him to destruction."

"Logner, you are unjust. Could the Count in presence of all his household, have acted differently? Could he (I do not wish to cause you pain) have overlooked such an act of culpable negligence as your son was guilty of when he gave away, even though it was to the Count's own child, such a large sum of money on the strength of a sealed sheet of paper? There are principles which govern society, principles which cannot be transgressed with impunity. You don't wish me to speak with the Countess? You ought not to prevent me—you should rather urge me to do so, if only for your granddaughter's sake.

Ludmilla is the kindest-hearted of creatures, and if she helped you it would be done in a way that could not give you offence. You are too done up after all the events of to-day to think quietly over my proposal. But come to-morrow and see me in my house," and Schubert took a piece of paper out of his pocket and wrote his address upon it, "and then we will talk the matter over. A good, good night to you, Logner." Schubert grasped the old man's hand, which trembled in his. "Now don't be over-anxious," he said, "but hope for the best, and leave the rest." Then with a cheery smile and a cheery wave of the hand, the composer took his departure.

"Now for my song," he muttered as he went along; "surely this will be one of my happiest inspirations!"

The week had passed and gone, and Schubert was once more in the Countess's mansion. He was sitting beside her in her boudoir on the sofa. The room was furnished in perfect taste, and the window opened out direct on the garden. He was engaged in eager conversation with the Countess.

"Herr Schubert, is this all true that you have been telling me? Forgive my saying so, but surely you are not deceiving me? Is it

really the fact that Logner is still alive, and that I can now make good the wrong which that unhappy young youth wrought so carelessly? Well, then, I will tell you what I know of the affair, and you will see why I am so concerned to change Logner's life and place it under a luckier star. Two years ago I received a letter from the Isle de France, addressed to my dead father. The handwriting was quite strange to me. I opened it. It was from a priest there, who wrote that more than ten years previously he had visited a foreigner on his death-bed, who had confessed to him, in the bitterest agonies of remorse, that he had caused a man of the name of Logner to become an innocent accomplice in a crime by taking advantage of his credulity. He begged his father to forgive him, and wished him to be told that it was only the thought that he would see that justice was done to the poor fellow, which gave him courage to face death calmly. I have carefully preserved the letter among my other papers in that desk. You can testify how, on the receipt of it, I left no stone unturned to trace the Logner family, but in vain! And now, Herr Schubert, through your agency,

the curtain seems likely to be lifted, and I shall at least be able—”

At this moment the sounds of an organ were heard, followed, after a few bars, by a girl's voice, which commenced to sing to the accompaniment of the organ. The song was something like this—

“Up behind the village stands an organ-man,  
And with stiffen'd fingers turns as best he  
can;  
On the cold ground, barefoot, totters here  
and there,  
And his empty saucer shows that gifts are  
rare.  
No one listens to him, no one looks or cares.  
Snarling dogs pursue him, still a smile he  
wears,  
And no disappointment does he once betray,  
But upon the organ turns and turns away.  
Wonderful old minstrel, shall I go with you?  
Will you to my ditties play the music too?”

“What a dreadfully gloomy song, and yet so true to life! What simple strength in that monotonous melody! Now, how did that man get hold of a song like that? We must persuade the musician to repeat it—it floats up to my ear like a wail of distress.” The Countess hurried to the window.

"Ah!" An exclamation of surprise arose from the guests who were standing near. "The organ-grinder—is it he?" she asked with quavering voice.

"He it is indeed!" replied Schubert; "it is—the unhappy Logner!"

"Come then, Herr Schubert, it was my brother robbed his man of his honor; I, his sister, will give it back to him again."

She opened the door and hurried out so quickly that Schubert had difficulty in following her.

"Logner," she said, in strangely pathetic tones, taking the poor man's hand and bending her head low, "I have much to repair; the honor of your dead son is spotless, no stain more rests upon it—the proofs are here. Your savings, of which you were unjustly deprived, are here also, intact in my hands. For the bringing up of that dear child, your granddaughter, who stands here looking so anxious—let me from this day forth take care of that. Only one request I have to make, in the name of one who is no more, who on his death-bed was filled with deepest repentance—forgive my poor erring brother."

Logner did not answer; but falling on his

knees, he raised his hands and moistened eyes to Heaven, and said—

“Lord of all! Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us!”

Schubert, the while, stood reverently by; and he too, in that thrilling moment, when the feud of years was laid aside, and the travel-stained wayfarer reached his home at last, thanked God who had given him the means, by the divine power of music, of awakening the souls of men to beautiful thoughts, and of inspiring them to what was good and true.

# **THE ANGLER**



## THE ANGLER

"TRY to hide it as you may, dear Franz, I can read in your face too clearly that you are troubled by the same thought which weighs so heavily upon me. We are both of us being punished for our too great affection for our boy, to whom we have been foolishly indulgent. He is in love—now that I have mentioned the subject I may as well disguise nothing—he is in love, or thinks himself in love, with the widow of the Banker Westenholz, of Berlin, who only came to live here a short time ago. You know how Henry has been brought up; how we have tried to shield him, like a tender plant, from every storm, and now—how is it possible that he can ever be happy with this worldly coquette?"

The speaker was Helen Lohenstein, the wife of a rich manufacturer, and as she spoke she looked anxiously at her husband, as she handed him his morning cup of coffee.

It was eight o'clock, and both were in the dining room, which was comfortably furnished, without being in any way luxurious. They had arrived at an age when married life begins to assume a new aspect: it has lost its passionate, lava-like glow, but the course of

love runs deeper and more tranquilly along. At the present moment both their faces were clouded over with anxiety; and it was quite plain, from their gloomy looks, that there was something which threatened to come between them and their son.

Hitherto, nothing could have been more happy or comfortable than their little household of three. Henry, the only child of their marriage, which took place thirty years ago, was the very apple of their eye. He was always in to dinner in the evening, full of enthusiasm about his work, and ready to discuss with his parents all the news of the day, whether it was some piece of financial news which he had brought for his father, or some recent fashion or bit of social gossip for his mother, and in the morning they would always have a half-hour's chat together before he went out to his work.

Now all was changed. There sat his parents, all alone, with sorrow in their hearts. Even at the breakfast-table Henry's face was missing; he was still lying in bed, trying to get rest after his dissipation of the previous day, and to fortify himself for fresh excitements on the morrow. His parents' warning

had no weight with him ; he had only ears for the seductive tones of a modern Circe.

Six months ago he had met her at a fancy-dress ball, disguised under a black domino ; and from that moment Henry had been captivated and had become her slave. This domino hid the face of Augusta Westenholz.

In her first youth she had been a dancer at the Theatre Royal in Berlin, where she had picked up the most extravagant ideas. The old banker, Westenholz, had fallen in love with her and married her. But it was the talk of all Berlin that she had never attempted to be true to the old man who had led her to the altar.

After his death, which occurred not more than a year after her marriage, the young widow, now a rich heiress, went to Paris, ostensibly to find comfort in her trouble, really that she might drink the dazzling cup of pleasure to its very dregs. But these delights soon palled, and time was flying. Her soul desired new joys and new conquests, and so she turned her attention to Vienna.

Henry, young and innocent, was caught in the meshes of her net. His youth, manly appearance, and the buoyancy of his spirits, charmed the withered heart of the widow. She

longed for fresh triumphs on the field of coquetry. She pretended that he had vanquished her, and made her his life-long slave. The trick succeeded but too well!

"Helen, you break the seal upon my heart," replied Lohenstein, tenderly looking into his wife's eyes, now wet with tears. "You have loosened the chain of silence which fettered me. For months I have longed to speak to you, and it has only been my love and consideration for you which has enabled me to restrain myself, and not to give you pain by discussing Henry's unhappy infatuation. But now that you have broken the ice, and I see you have noticed the change in the lad, we might as well speak without any reserve. It has all taken place during the last six months, and there he is at the feet of this worldly woman, swearing everlasting love for her, while she is all the time laughing at his inexperience, and daily, nay hourly, playing him false. Her so-called affection for Henry is merely the outcome of her unbridled vanity. After she has played with so many hearts, made of base metal like her own, it is a new charm for her to find herself really loved and adored. As for Henry, he is deaf to every warning. I know, Helen, that you have already spoken with him, and:

counselled him, as his mother, to keep clear of a connection with a creature like that. Tell me, what did he say to you?"

"Say, Franz? That we, his own parents, are envious of his good fortune!" said Frau Lohenstein, with trembling voice, as the tears trickled down her cheek. "I am afraid there is no help for it. A few more days, and he will bring her here as his fiancée, to be introduced to us as our daughter. Alas, that he is of age, and free to do what he will. Otherwise, we would have found some way to prevent this act of madness. As it is, we have no power, and the foolish boy must do what he likes."

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"A visitor, Helen! Dry your eyes. No one must guess that you are troubled about your son." And with a cheerful voice the old man exclaimed, "Come in!"

The doors opened, and into the room marched Schubert, who had been for long an intimate and very esteemed friend of the family.

"Good morning, Schubert," and with these words the master of the house rose to meet the visitor, and to give him hearty greeting, which was cordially echoed by his wife. The very

moment that Schubert had entered, she had undergone a quite wonderful transformation. It was as though a warm ray of sun had fallen upon her, making her stricken heart glow and beat with renewed hope. She had only to look on Schubert's kindly countenance to feel that life was not all gloom, but that there was a silver lining to every cloud; and with great friendliness she offered the great musician a seat by her side.

Schubert took the chair that was offered him without saying a word. A pause ensued. At last he made up his mind, and with an expression which he tried to make appear indifferent, as though he dreaded to strike a harsh chord, he said: "My friends, I trust it is not true what I have heard, that Henry is going to get married, and that his choice has fallen upon Frau von Westenholz, a choice"—here Schubert's voice sank to a whisper—"which cannot, I am sure have your approval."

A nod of the head on the part of the parents was the only answer to Schubert's question.

"Then is it true," continued Schubert, "that that nice young fellow has really quite decided to make himself and his friends unhappy? This proposed connection is already talked about wherever you are known, and people are

pitying both you and him. But I cannot and will not think—but surely you, his parents, or his best friends, can do something to prevent him, dazzled for the moment by her brilliancy, from rushing upon his own destruction. If the wise counsel of his father does not avail, then I am certain he will at least yield to the heart-felt solicitations of his mother."

"Now, how can a father's advice, or a mother's prayers avail, while the music of that shameless woman's voice sounds in his ears?" said the old man, bitterly.

"Schubert, if you are really our friend," exclaimed the mother, seizing Schubert eagerly by the hand, "then you will speak with Henry. It is through you that he has become acquainted with the power that lies in music. Your songs have before now reached the road to his heart. He values and loves you, both as a friend and as his teacher. It may be that he would listen to your warning, even when his ear is deaf to the counsels of father and mother. Schubert, Schubert! do try to save my son. A voice within me tells me that you can."

"You have too much faith in my powers, but I can make the attempt. But if I succeed, thank not me, but Him who has chosen me as

the weak instrument of his will. If you think that Henry is still susceptible to music, as he was in former days, perhaps the muse might provide us with a means of healing the sick. But how exactly to bring it to pass I don't see clearly as yet. Only, as Fate has apparently thrust upon me the role of physician, it is to be hoped she will also give me the strength to effect the cure."

Some days had passed since Schubert's visit to the Lohensteins, and nothing had occurred to ease the situation between parents and son. If possible, Henry was entangled more than ever before in the meshes of Augusta, innocent of the danger that awaited him there. At this very moment, unable to shake off the spell, he was lying at full length in his room on a luxurious couch, indulging in idle day-dreams. Although the hand of the clock which hung over his writing-desk already pointed to eleven, it was quite clear that he himself had only just awaked to the fact that it was day. The room was all disordered with the litter of the previous evening—here a coat, there a white tie; in one corner gloves, in another an opera hat. On the writing-desk itself lay his watch and purse, and by their side a bow of bright red silk, with a pin sticking sharply out of it,

which had evidently found its way to his room as the result of a pious theft.

To the completion of the picture of disorder, the owner of the room certainly contributed his share, for there, attired in a dark dressing-gown, which only served to bring out still more clearly his pallor, lay Henry, with white face, drawn eyes, sunken cheeks, and dishevelled hair. Beside him stood his breakfast, untasted. He preferred the cigar which glowed between his lips.

The whole scene bore witness to the lazy and wasted life he was leading, and to the dissipation which was sapping all the manhood from his young vigorous frame. There was just one object in the room, untainted as yet by the poisonous atmosphere, still sweet to the sense, and a pleasure to the eye, the one touch of Nature—which was left, in all her truth and purity—it was a magnificent bouquet of roses, camellias, and hyacinths. This morning Augusta was going to give a reception, and Henry had bought the flowers to send to her in token of his unalterable affection, little guessing that at the same time she was to receive a similar offering from a Colonel of Hussars in the same town, Arthur von Werner.

And as he gazed at the flowers, he dropped into a soliloquy:

"Now, beloved, now I begin at last to know and understand you, and therefore to know and understand what life is! Only since I saw Augusta have I known what a woman's charm can be. So happy am I in possession of her love, and yet my parents are so opposed to our connection. It must be a whim—no, more likely their anxiety for my welfare—but, after all, such overweening affection becomes a burden. I am no longer a child, and I must be allowed some opinion of my own. As to Augusta——"

But at this moment the door opened, and Schubert walked in. Henry looked up and recognized his friend and teacher.

"Ah, Franz!" exclaimed the young man, in a free and easy tone, "how are you? Excuse my rising, but that ball I was at last night has simply exhausted me," he said, laughing.

"No, remain where you are, Henry, and don't let me disturb you. We are too good friends to need any ceremony between us. At least, you regard me as your friend, I hope?"

"And yet a costly one, Schubert, considering how rare your visits are. Yes, yes, I know your time is a good deal taken up."

"Not more than yours, Henry. I can scarcely ever find you at home. I've come again and again, but in vain—come to scold you for having secrets from your friend. You are engaged to be married, yet allow me to discover the news by chance, through a friend!"

Henry blushed right up to the eyes; but Schubert, without appearing to notice his embarrassment, proceeded:

"I'm all excitement to know on whom your choice has fallen. She is, of course, very beautiful, and adorned with every possible charm. She will also do credit to your taste in her virtues, for the beauty of her person will only be equalled by the transparency of her soul. When all is so perfect, a happy life is assured you."

"Augusta is a splendid creature," said Henry, not without betraying some little nervousness in his manner.

"And of course your parents are delighted at your bringing them such a charming daughter?"

"Alas, Franz! I should be only too happy if that were the case. But my parents have to combat with their prejudices."

"Perhaps 'tis only their care for you—the

affection of parents for their child," interrupted Schubert.

"No doubt they care for my welfare, but they look through distorted glasses. Augusta is a woman of the world, and has a quite different point of view of life from theirs. But I am convinced that my parents will never have occasion to doubt the sincerity of our love, and—but let's have done with this talk, which leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and choose another subject. For instance, Augusta is an ardent admirer of your songs, and thinks no end of you as a composer; so that, when she heard you were a friend of mine, I had to promise that I would introduce you to her at the first opportunity."

"Oh, if she knows of me as a composer, that comes in quite handy; for it so happens I have just completed a song, which you can sing over to her; and should she happen to like it, it shall be dedicated to her."

"That is a splendid idea, Schubert. As to whether she will approve of it, there is no question about that. A song with your name on the front of it is certain of a welcome from her. Bring it to me, if you will, and without delay I will pass it over to Augusta."

"I have it here, all ready, in my pocket."

"Then give me it at once," exclaimed Henry, springing up from the couch, "and I will immediately send it along with this bouquet; that will make the gift twice as valuable."

"Stay, one moment! On one condition only do I give you this song."

"And that is?"

"That you sing it over to me before you send it away, as I myself haven't heard it yet. I have only written it out, but don't know what sort of effect it will produce, and I am curious."

"What's the name of the song?"

"'The Angler.' It is a well-known poem of Goethe's, in which the mermaid takes the Angler in her embrace, and draws him down into those profound depths from which escape is unthinkable. It is the type of a life befouled by sin, in which man's lust is dragging him down and destroying his nature."

Henry threw a doubtful glance at his friend; but the latter unconcernedly continued:

"Henry, open the piano; it's simply ages since I heard your voice, and the song lies splendidly in the compass of a tenor. Do give it a trial now; and if you then like it, you can send it off to your beloved forthwith."

Henry opened the piano.

"I will accompany you," said Schubert, as he seated himself at the instrument.

"I am curious to see what effect your latest composition will have."

"Heaven grant a deterrent one," murmured Schubert, as his fingers wandered over the first few notes of the song.

Henry began to sing. At first, his voice sounded a little bit thick and tired; but, presently, his good method triumphed; and to the credit of his master, be it said, the pupil was able to hide the slight unevenness of his singing. He had, besides, an excellently clear pronunciation, and he sung with an artistic perception into the meaning of the words which only a really great singer possesses. With intelligence all awake, Henry sang the three first verses.

"The air in this room is very oppressive—do you mind, Schubert, if I open the window?"

He took a hasty stride up and down the room, as though trying to battle with the excitement of his feelings, then he threw open the window.

"Won't you go on to the end of the song?"

Henry seemed to be deaf. He leaned up against the window like a statue and stared out into space.

Just at this moment the servant entered, bringing in on a tray a letter, enclosed in a delicately-folded envelope.

"From Frau von Westenholz—the messenger will wait for a reply."

Henry opened the note hastily, and read:

"My dear Friend,

"It is only a few of my best friends who have consented to devote themselves to me this evening, and to give me the pleasure of some music. You know, dear Henry, how I sympathize with you, that we cannot spend it together alone. But you will readily understand that social life has some claims upon us. That your presence among us will make me feel my own loss the less you may rest assured, for you know how Augusta loves you."

"This is quite excellent!" exclaimed Henry, as he laid the letter on the table. "Listen to this, Schubert. My mistress has arranged, so she writes to me, for a sort of small concert to-night. I shall take you there, introduce you to our worthy hostess. You consent, Franz?" he added, seeing that Schubert looked pleased at the turn of events.

"Certainly I consent," replied the other. "Of course you will sing my song there which, now that I've heard you sing it, will find, I feel

sure, universal acceptance, especially if you take it so seriously as you did here. I greatly approve of your conception of it, and am convinced that Frau von Westenholz will be most agreeably surprised."

"I will send on this answer to Augusta at once, and warn her what pleasure she has to expect from your appearance in her drawing-room to-day."

"And I," replied Schubert, as he took up the song from the piano-rest, "will write out a fresh copy of my composition. I shall enjoy myself in a very special manner this evening, because I anticipate for you, Henry, without the least doubt, a great triumph."

"Then so be it. I expect you at eight o'clock punctually, and then we'll go from here together. But is it prudent of me to introduce you to my fiancée? An artist and composer besides. Is it not a dangerous combination?"

"But the artist and composer is also your friend."

With these words the two men separated.

In the drawing-room of Augusta von Westenholz all the usual preparations were completed for her musical evening. The piano had been drawn into the centre of the room, and the chairs were arranged round it in a circle. The

lamps were brilliantly reflected in the polished mirrors, and on the great hanging candelabra all the lights were burning. Light and warmth were diffused everywhere; a fire of red-hot wood crackled on the hearth, and only the costly rugs lay uncared for, put out of the way in a corner of the room, so that when the music was done, tribute might be paid to the goddess of the dance.

The owner of all this magnificence was already seated upon the sofa, ready, as the appointed hour arrived, to welcome her guests.

Augusta von Westenholz was certainly of striking beauty. Her features were cast in classic mould, and displayed a temper more fitted to command than to obey. Her raven locks and dark eyebrows only served to bring out the more clearly the wonderful fairness of her complexion, while her eyes could dart gleams of fiery indignation, or sing wild songs of love. The half-opened, voluptuous mouth displayed within its coral frame a dancing row of pearls. Her whole mien pronounced her a priestess of Venus rather than of Vesta. Augusta was, in fact, the very type which Schiller imagined in his picture of Julia Doria, Lessing in his picture of Orsina, and Goethe in his Adelheid von Walldorf.

For this evening Augusta had selected a very beautiful, if somewhat theatrical, attire. The symmetry of her figure was well set off by a white flowing dress of silk, on both sides of which red camellias were arranged, within whose flowers rare jewels glistened like drops of dew. In her dark hair the like kind of flower was also to be seen, the green leaves of which were half swallowed up in her tresses, which half concealed and half displayed her graceful neck, dazzling in its snowy whiteness. A fragrant bunch of flowers, adorned with a gold holder, completed her outfit, and with this she toyed playfully. The bouquet greatly resembled the one we have already seen in Henry's rooms.

At her side, arrayed in full regimentals, sat the Colonel von Werner.

"My dear Augusta," he was saying, as he printed a kiss upon her ungloved hand, "you make me proud and happy beyond words at seeing in your tiny hands the flowers which I was so bold as to send over to you this morning."

"Don't reckon too much on that, Werner. I am not sure that you see in my hands anything more than the instrument of a little punishment I have planned. Henry Lohenstein,

as you know, seeks my hand. I myself am not disinclined to embrace once more the chains of matrimony. But from the man to whom I give myself, I expect the greatest attention, which often expresses itself in trifles. Henry knows that I do not claim flowers from him every day, that is not to say I do not expect them; to-day of all days none have appeared. I was feeling cross, and speculating upon the fickleness of the so-called lords of creation, when, dear Arthur, I received your flowers, and they put to shame both my philosophy and my bad temper. Henry shall not escape scatheless all the same; for this evening I shall hold this bouquet under his very eyes, and you, Arthur, shall be my gallant knight."

This she said with a ravishing look of coquetry at the young man, who was intoxicated by his triumph.

"But you don't mean for to-day only? Alas, Augusta, you deal life and death in the same moment. What an irony of fate, or chance as people call it, that has brought me to know you just when you have consented to become the bride of my happier rival! Oh, my dear and divine mistress, is your promise to him irrevocable? Von Lohenstein loves you, no doubt, in a respectable kind of manner, with

the decorous love of the shopkeeping bourgeois; but my love, on the word of a soldier, is something higher than this—it is a consuming fire!"

"Oho, my raging young Vulcan; who told you, then, that I loved this shopkeeper?" sneered the heartless Circe. "Henry is a good sort of fellow; but of violent passion he is quite incapable. I have given him my word to become his wife—but not his—my friendship belongs only to you—"

And she hastily sat down without completing the broken sentence, as though frightened lest she had unwittingly given the young soldier a too deep insight into her meaning and purpose. But he was far too much a man of the world to find in her behaviour or words anything in the least dishonorable; on the contrary, he bent himself over the lovely statue with the stony heart, and Henry, with his friend Schubert, entered the room. Startled, the guilty pair shrunk back on the sofa.

Henry, who had really forgotten, under the influence of Schubert's song, to send his bouquet, now approached Augusta, carrying it in his hand, imprinted a kiss on her fingers, and in a quite easy manner said:—

"Good evening, my dear Augusta; I have

an omission to rectify—my daily gift. I quite  
\_\_\_\_\_”

“Forgot it,” broke in the coquette, with a smile; “but I have here another bouquet. Herr von Werner has been so kind as to repair your error. Now you will have to submit to a punishment, which, however, shall not be too severe. Herr von Lohenstein, you must please offer your bouquet as a sacrifice to the flames, since for this evening I shall only carry this other bouquet. You can throw it into the fireplace here.”

“That I certainly shall not do,” said Henry, angrily.

“Not?” echoed Augusta, sharply.

“No,” was the firm reply.

Augusta rose from the sofa, and walked with slow steps, as though still expecting her lover to come to a better state of mind, till she reached a small occasional table, from which she took a little glass bell. As Henry made no sign, she gave the bell a sharp ring.

The servant appeared.

“Maria,” said the mistress, taking the bouquet, the innocent cause of their disagreement, out of Henry’s hands, “you are devoted to flowers. To-day you shall have enough and to spare; take this bouquet, but preserve it

carefully, so as not to forget the forgetful giver of it."

Henry bit his lips till the blood came, while Werner threw him a glance which betokened something between pity and contempt. Augusta, however, had noticed how deeply she had wounded him, and determined now to give another turn to the incident. She went up to Henry, and looking at him with her softest smile, said, with all the rich charm of her seductive voice:

"You have deserved this punishment for your disobedience; but enough of that—I can both forget and forgive," and she grasped the hand of her lover, the icy coldness of which made her shudder. But Henry had the while recovered himself, and drew Schubert forward. "Permit me to introduce to you, Frau von Westenholz, my friend Schubert, the famous composer."

"It gives me great pleasure to welcome to my house the man who is the pride of our musical circles in Vienna."

"Madam," replied Schubert, simply, "you are too kind," for the remembrance of the scene just enacted lay heavy on his soul.

A short pause ensued.

"I hope the public will shortly be gratified

by a new work from your pen. The imagination which has given us the 'Erl King,' the 'Wanderer,' and 'Restless Lori,' and many other musical poems, must not lie idle too long."

"Oh, it's not idle," exclaimed Henry, "for only to-day Franz has finished a composition, which he has promised, if you, madam, will allow it, to produce here for the first time."

"Or rather," said Augusta, turning to Schubert, "if the author will deem my house worthy of a first performance of one of his compositions."

Meanwhile, the drawing-room had been filling with guests. It was without doubt an assemblage of smart men and women, though one could see at a glance that those collected there were not at all representative of the best Vienna society. It is difficult to find the right word wherewith to describe them, but the phrase "*omnium-gatherum*" would do as well as any. Augusta's only care was always to be surrounded with a circle of friends, of which she might be the sun and centre.

The dandified Colonel, who in the scene that had passed had already been regarding himself as a Caesar Triumphator, now never left Augusta's side for a moment; and she in her turn felt flattered by the homage shown her.

by the gallant soldier, and saw in it a means both of fanning Henry's jealous feelings into flame, and of chaining him to her more closely than ever.

Henry felt as though he sat upon glowing embers. He was not slow to mark the looks of compassion or of malice thrown at him from different parts of the room.

At last Augusta raised her voice:

"My friends, I desire to call your attention to a very particular mark of honor and distinction which is to be conferred upon us this evening. Our universally esteemed composer, Herr Schubert, is going to allow Herr von Lohenstein to give us his latest composition, which he himself will accompany on the piano."

All were alike surprised and charmed with this delightful intelligence, and began to talk about the pleasure they were likely to have.

Henry, with the manuscript in his hands, took his station by the piano, where Schubert had already seated himself. All his pulses beat nervously up and down. His color came and went, especially as Werner said, with marked emphasis: "Herr von Lohenstein, you will require all your art; Frau von Westenholz has much to forgive to-day."

Henry did not vouchsafe a single look at his officious prompter, who, satisfied with the mischief he had done, pressed through the throng of guests, and planted himself by Augusta's side on the sofa. Henry commenced to sing. He certainly surpassed himself. It was as though he would pour forth his very self, though arrayed in Schubert's music.

Schubert, who, while he accompanied, never took his eyes off the singer, in the same way that a doctor refuses to leave his patient in the crisis of his illness, marked that he changed color repeatedly, and noticed that his unsteady looks were directed across the room towards the Colonel; the latter, was sitting by Augusta, and felt little interest in the performance.

"My veins will burst with excitement, Schubert. Your song falls on no barren soil—the room seems to be going round with me," whispered Henry.

"Pull yourself together, and sing the last verse."

Henry went on:—

"The waters rush'd, the waters rose  
Wetting his naked feet;  
As if his true love's words were those,  
His heart with longing beat.

She sang to him, to him spake she,  
His doom was fixed, I ween;

Half drew she him, and half sank he,  
And ne'er again was seen."

The song ended. A burst of applause greeted both performers. Augusta approached the piano.

"Herr Schubert, how can I sufficiently thank you for the pleasure you have given us? But where is Herr von Lohenstein?"

"He begs you will excuse him. A sudden faintness overcame him, and he felt he must go home."

\* \* \* \* \*

"My Dear Schubert,

"We, or rather you have triumphed! In my present mood, I cannot write at length. If you care to see Henry, who is going away to-morrow for some time, in order, at his own particular request, to carry out an inspection at my works in Bohemia, you must come in this evening, if you have time, and join our little family circle. No one else will be here.

"Your sincere and ever grateful friend,  
"Franz Lohenstein."

So ran the letter, which the very day after his new song, "The Angler," had been sung for the first time by Henry, at Augusta Westenholz's house, Schubert received from the singer's joyful and happy father.

# **THE LINDEN TREE**



## THE LINDEN TREE

**I**T was on the first day of April, 1827, that, after forty-eight hours of storm and rain, the sun had managed once more to break through the black clouds, and again flamed brightly from a sky of azure blue. It had seemed as though the glorious Prince of Light had veiled his joyous face in sorrow for the mighty dead, for the great Ludwig van Beethoven, whose eyes had just closed in everlasting sleep.

The hero of music was no more.

He, the victor who had triumphed over all difficulties in the realm of music, had now succumbed to earthly sufferings; the man who had not bowed his head before kings lay stricken down by the mightiest king of all, and was confined within a narrow tomb in the cemetery at Wahring. His struggles were over. At his funeral the very elements had raged in wild confusion, and a cry of pain had gone up from universal Nature at her unutterable loss. And just as from Bonn it was that the young eagle essayed his first bold flight through the world, so now, amid thunder and lightning, Jupiter himself departed and sat him down on his throne in the sky amid the

immortals. But the storm had fallen; rest had returned to Nature; over meadow and field lay peace. The sun was shining in sublime magnificence, and was thawing the earth out of her winter sleep. The wild flowers were already beginning to peep out of their dark hiding-places. The trees were clothing themselves anew with their showy blossoms. The streams and brooks began to murmur and chatter again; while the feathered songsters took up their strain, and sang with thousand voices their joyful notes and songs of victory.

Thoughtfully, and with slow steps, seriousness stamped upon his brow, walked a man. His way from Heiligenstadt to Nussdorf. For him the charms of Nature seemed to have no attraction; he remained insensible to the glorious surroundings, and many a flower of the field bent with a groan under the weight of his careless foot. Suddenly he stopped, and directed his gaze towards the sea of houses which lay spread out in the distance, now beautified by the evening sun.

"Thou, my Vienna," exclaimed the wanderer with emotion, "thou, the pride of an empire, what a loss hast thou to lament in these latter days! The hero of music is no more; thou standest before his death-bed, standest with

tearful eye before his bier. Keep safe the gifts he has left thee, in memory of his greatness.

"Ye, ye people of the proud metropolis, must needs hate him, because he chose to keep himself apart from the world which looked so coldly on him; called him heartless because he was restrained.

"Oh, I would that ye all had heard how our rising young poet Grillparzer spoke of him, as he stood by his open grave. Your judgment might then have been different. 'It is the hard-hearted man,' he said, 'who does not budge; it is only the man of feeling who winces at display. He avoided the world because his soul had not the weapons wherewith to fight the world. If he withdrew from men, it was because he had given them his all, but received nothing from them in return. He remained alone because there was none like him.'

"Ah, towards me, at any rate, how good and sympathetic he was! How often has he, the elder and the more experienced, smoothed the brow of the younger, spoken to me words of hope, when I tremblingly put forth my little bark on the stormy and stressful ocean! And now this shield, this staff, has gone from me. Many a time, in the solitude he loved, has he walked along this very road, sorrow

gnawing at his heart. Poor fellow, a pathetic figure enough, yet how fortunate! He had longed for a wife, for some friendly, womanly heart which should share with his the burdens put upon him by the haughty self-sufficiency of his relations, which should help him bear up against the intrigues of his jealous rivals. But even this wish, like many another, was denied him. The envious Muse would possess him entirely or not at all. Well, thou hast journeyed on before me to a better world, my friend and father! Perhaps I shall meet thee there again before long. If only, before I go, I could erect to thy memory some worthy monument, Worthy, said I? Alas, never—never could my uncertain feet scale the slopes of Olympus!"

During this muttered soliloquy, the walker had moved slowly on, and now suddenly found himself at a little grassy place surrounded by trees, just such a place as poets would love to dream in. The trees enclosed the green patch like the pillars of a temple, which the young shoots love to climb, till they crown the building with a dome of greenery. Beeches and slender firs formed the pillars, and in the midst of these stood a truly majestic Linden.

Although it was in April, the evening was mild and sweet, so that the stranger, attracted

by the stillness which prevailed, threw himself down at the foot of the Linden. And then such a peace entered his heart, that, in his present elevated mood, it appeared to him as though he were now nearer to the friend he adored, that he could now almost feel the breath of his spirit.

Unconsciously, as this deep feeling which overcame him so powerfully stole away again, he drew from his pocket a book, and began mechanically to turn over its leaves. It was a book of poems by Wilhelm Müller; he cast but a glance at it, and then his eyes wandered once more away into space, his thoughts ever fixed upon the friend he had lost.

"He has gone before me into the realms of light; his flight was too high for this dull earth of ours, and his poetry has gone with him to the grave. Winter came upon him here—froze him—and only the warm sun of a more glorious world can thaw him again. This transition state of the soul is man's winter's journey! And a voice whispers to me that my winter is also begun." Once more he threw a glance at the open book, and there it stood in great, big letters, "A Winter's Journey. A Cycle of poems." "I wonder whether I could set these poems to music, whether I could

paint the winter's journey of my own soul, and bequeath the picture as a memorial to my Vienna, if Vienna, forsooth, should ever care to remember me."

He turned his sad gaze upwards, and happened to notice on the branch of the tree under which he lay two wreaths hanging, the one composed of laurels, the other of everlasting flowers.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Am I dreaming, or is it real? Laurel and everlasting flowers—types of imperishable fame and immortality. How came these wreaths here?"

Entirely oblivious to anything but his own thoughts, the stranger had never perceived that several laborers, returning home from the fields, had noticed the man at the foot of the linden-tree, and had been listening to his agitated soliloquy.

"Do you see, Hans," said the eldest of these, a hoary-headed old man, "he's just going on like that curly-headed musician chap who used to come here last year and lie under the trees and scribble pot-hooks, for all the world like the pictures in a dream-book."

"Yes, Kilian; and do you remember that evening also last summer when we were lead-

ing the newly-cut hay from Grinzing? Do you call to mind how the old fellow was sitting in the middle of the road and never saw the wagon coming, nor paid any heed to our cries, so that we nearly ran over him? And even thus, he kept us waiting till he had slowly packed up all his copy-book stuff, and then, with a friendly nod, as though he would have thanked us for our politeness in not killing him, he got up and moved along a bit farther. Suppose we had run him down, Kilian, they'd have said in the town that we had murdered their 'Head Musician,' as I heard him called by one of the women who helped lay him out."

"Well, I'll speak to this fresh fool," said the other, and he went up to the stranger.

"Is there anything wrong with you, sir? We've been watching you awhile, and you have been clutching with your hands as though you could scarcely breathe."

Schubert, for the solitary wanderer was no other than he, looked up in the direction from whence the voice came, and saw the group of men who were regarding him so curiously. He listened with a smile to the question, then replied in laughing tones—

"Thank you, my friends, I am all right; but perhaps you could answer me a question. I

want to know how those two wreaths come to be hanging on the branch of the tree under which I have been lying?"

"We don't know; in fact, have never seen them there before. I expect it is the lady dressed in black who has hung them there; she comes to this place nearly every day."

"A lady in black?"

"For sure—dressed, as I said, in black from head to foot. She'll often sit here by the hour together; and once we caught her even kneeling in front of this tree. Rich she is, without doubt, for she comes in a grand carriage, with coachman all in silver and gold sitting on the box."

"Can you tell me one thing, good people? Since when have you noticed this lady?" For the news was full of interest for Schubert.

"Since the day the great musician was buried."

"You mean the day of Beethoven's death?"

"Yes, that's the name they gave the mad old gentleman at the Inn. Did you know him, sir?"

"Know him? Ay, indeed. And this Linden-tree?"

"Was his favorite. He would sit here for

hours writing, then spring up and wave his hands in the air."

"Just as your honor did just now," ejaculated one of the throng.

"Every child hereabouts knew him, and would sometimes run out of his way, he looked so sad always."

"And yet was ever soul of child more happy and bright than his!" muttered Schubert to himself.

"Then your honor is sure you are quite well?" inquired the careful peasants.

"Oh, thank you, certainly, quite well!"

"Then adieu to your honor. And the Almighty keep you."

"To eternity," exclaimed Schubert, falling into the usual formula of the country folk.

The peasants pursued their path to Heiligenstadt, while Schubert stood in deep thought before the Linden-tree, now suddenly grown so dear to him.

"A legacy from my beloved friend," he exclaimed, "which I shall guard and reverence. Bloom on and flourish to the joy of him who looks down upon thee from the skies above! And thou dear, quiet spot, where he who has gone home has left enshrined so many memories, do thou

henceforth be dedicated to him. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, spread your protecting hands over this place and save it from the blight of devastation."

Day after day Schubert wandered forth to that secluded spot, which a coincidence so unusual had disclosed to him, and spent hours there, working and dreaming.

The mysterious lady in black, of whose appearance the peasants had told him, had not yet vouchsafed to show herself, though the tree was already expanding into its full magnificence, and both the wreaths were hidden in its foliage. Nor had anything led to further discovery, save that two cuts in the bark of the tree, consisting of two "G's" intertwined with one another, had appeared; but these did no more than emphasize the fact that the riddle was still unsolved.

One afternoon, however, an elegant brougham passed down the lane to Doblinger and went by Schubert. A coachman in rich livery sat on the box; and inside the carriage sat a lady dressed wholly in black. The speed with which the horses went past him, and the dust which the carriage raised, prevented Schubert from seeing the face of the occupant. With an instinctive feeling that today at last he was

going to penetrate the mystery, he strode quickly onwards.

He arrived at Heiligenstadt, and there, in the garden of a small restaurant which still stands there, he saw the carriage again. He hastened into the garden in the hope of finding the lady. But she had already descended, so his hope was doomed to disappointment.

With beating heart he hurried on again. He reached the height at last where he had in former days given such vent to the feelings which possessed him, and there he remained motionless, doubtful as to whether he should carry his pursuit after the lady any further. For that this was the "Unknown" for whom he had sought so long, he had no doubt whatever. By showing himself he might learn some secret, but in learning it dispel forever many a soft imagining, many a sweet dream. And yet—to know the friend of his dead friend—she would not condemn this as mere idle curiosity.

Again he moved slowly on, and now could already see the top of his beloved Linden-tree. He plunged down into the valley—the little place came into sight—his instinct had not betrayed him—she was there, the lady in black. She sat on a moss-covered stone just

opposite the Linden-tree, a portfolio on her lap, and she appeared to be drawing the tree. Warily he crept nearer, determined at all costs to run the risk of being considered presumptuous, in his anxiety to learn whether this was the lady who had provided those wreaths, and what the connecting link was between her and Beethoven. Just then he saw the hand which held the pencil slowly drop to her side and a tear fall upon the paper, while a sad, soft voice spoke in tones just loud enough to reach his ear, "Ludwig, my only love, how sadly you misunderstood me."

On hearing this, Schubert's only thought was how to get away again without being seen, but he was too late; his footsteps had been heard, and the lady, looking round and seeing a man behind her, uttered a cry of alarm. Then, quickly collecting herself, she arose, put away the portfolio, and made a step to meet the stranger.

"Do you want anything here, sir?" This, said with a piercing look towards the musician, did not help to ease him of the embarrassment he felt. But after she had scanned the newcomer's features more closely, her face assumed a more gentle expression, and she suddenly asked, "But how come you here,

Herr Schubert? Is this a mere coincidence?"

"Not so," said he, more composedly. "I would fain know who it is who honors the memory of my friend in so delicate and unostentatious a manner," and he pointed, as he spoke, to the two wreaths. "Pardon me, unknown lady, if I seem to ask a presumptuous question, but do you honor Beethoven thus as Artist merely, or Beethoven the Man?"

"Beethoven the Man I honor indeed with all my heart and soul! Schubert, to-day we stand face to face for the first time, and yet you ask me a question which ordinarily I could only answer to my best and truest friend. But I feel as though he had sent you to me that I might unburden the weight upon my mind. Learn then, Schubert, my secret. Our hearts glowed in sympathy together; through the eyes of love we saw before us a happy picture; we were full of youth and hope. Then up rose conventionalism, the cool calculations of reason, foe to all romance, and we were soon parted asunder. Has Beethoven never mentioned to you the name of Giulietta?"

"Giulietta di Guiccardi—he only mentioned that name once in my presence, and that was when he put that name on the title-page of

his Sonata in C minor. Since then I have never heard him utter it."

"Oh, in those days I occupied all his thoughts; I was in truth his Giulietta!"

"Do I then stand, madam——"

"In the presence of Julia, Countess Gallenberg, that Giulietta di Guiccardi who formerly held Beethoven worthy of the highest place in her affections. Come, Schubert," and she took him by the hand, "come under this tree, under the shade of which he once confessed his love to me. Here you shall hear my fate and learn how unjust Ludwig was to me."

They sat down on the roots of the tree and the Countess began, while Schubert listened to every syllable that fell from her lips with the most eager attention.

"Twenty years have passed since I saw Beethoven for the first time. It was at a party at the house of the Prince von Lobkowitz, where so many artists foregather; the same occasion as that on which I, a young girl of sixteen, was brought out by my mother. What disappointments since then! Contrast my hopes then, and the realities now. Where I expected to find heart and feeling, I met instead with empty words and hollow forms, into which men are squeezed as into strait-waist-

coats. It was a bitter ending to all my dreams! But that was only the first disappointment, many another was to follow when it came to maternal love, friendship, and married life!"

The Countess heaved a deep sigh, and it was several moments before she continued—

"On the evening in question a concert in honor of the Princess had been arranged, and music, vocal and instrumental, as well as recitations, were to be given. I knew that the performance would be given under the direction of Beethoven, the great man who had inspired all my thought, though I had never seen him. I knew him simply by his works, for I had had excellent masters and had already made considerable progress both in pianoforte-playing and singing; and people say I was gifted with excellent taste and judgment for the truly beautiful in music. I could scarcely wait for the evening to come which should enable me to meet the great hero of music, and which might even give me the opportunity of thanking him with my own lips for the many glorious hours his genius had provided for me.

"We arrived. Beethoven was not yet there. Nothing stirred me in the least; nothing made

the smallest impression upon me, till the folding doors opened, and he stepped in. Then the sun seemed to shine, and all seemed to bask in his beams.

"As for me, I was drawn by the flash of his eyes like iron to a magnet, and I drew in every word which he spoke, though they were but his words of greeting to the company.

"At last the concert commenced. Beethoven played for the first time in public his great Sonata in B. Ah, how he played, and how his composition affected me I leave you to imagine. I thought I was no longer on the earth, but was listening rapt to celestial music.

"When this was finished, as the Princess desired only to have Beethoven's music, an opera-singer who was there was asked to follow with Mignon's song, 'Know'st Thou the Land?' But she caused a great disappointment by begging to be excused on the score of a very severe cold. Then, with beating heart, I came to a sudden resolve, and, after a hurried whisper to my mother, I took my stand by Beethoven at the piano, and begged him with a blush, rather than that the company should be deprived of the song, to allow me to sing it, if he would be so good as to accompany me. In this way we came to know each other.

"It was the music that brought us together. Beethoven used often to come to our house after this, and many were the happy hours I passed in his company.

"The following summer we spent at Heiligenstadt, whither Beethoven pursued us, and we used to make lovely excursions together. Amid the glories of Nature the whole nobility of his character disclosed itself. This is the little spot which he and I discovered one day, and it was under this very Linden-tree that we confessed our love to each other; it was from out its branches that the first whisper of trust and hope breathed upon our ears—

"Beneath my shade  
All care is laid."

"Here, we passed many an hour. And when evening dropped her veil over the earth, and the stars swam out and glittered like pearls before our eyes, then our souls, drowned with love, seemed to float away from us in heavenly forms, to hover above us like messengers of light—we were, in a word, happy—in Paradise.

"Then clouds arose on the horizon, and the beams of love began to wax colder and more faint. Ludwig was invited to pay a long visit in Hungary to a family of which he was very

fond. He could hardly avoid his consent. Ill-starred journey! Scarce was he gone when a young soldier arrived at our house, who also paid homage to the cause of music. My mother, of set purpose, as I afterward discovered, gave him opportunity to see and speak with me every day. I was kindly disposed towards the stranger without feeling for him the least spark of affection, which had all been given to 'the lover far away.'

"One day the scales fell from my eyes. I found I had awakened something more than an interest in the mind of the young Count, and I shrank back in terror from the discovery. Too late. Gallenberg had already pleaded with my mother for my hand, and it was not denied him. I was unable to withstand the pressure put upon me. My future husband was a man of rank, and had great possessions and many high-sounding names. As to whether my heart would break, that had nothing to do with the question. The only thing of importance was that I should be entangled in a hedge of genealogy, although its branches should choke me to death. Enough of that matter. As, after leaving the altar, we walked down the church, with the priest's blessing, which sounded like a curse, ringing in my

ears, Beethoven, unseen by the rest, stepped out from behind a pillar, and I was carried by my husband fainting to my carriage. Ludwig, awakened out of his dreams of happiness and wounded to the death, returned again to Hungary, hoping in distance from the scene to find rest and comfort for his broken heart. In vain. I, too, was miserable.

"My husband cherished me, honored and loved me; but I could not return those gifts. In him I saw only the robber of Ludwig's happiness and mine. He soon perceived that his efforts to win my affections were useless, with the result that he became as cold to me as I to him. We lived a lonely, joyless existence. I wrote to Beethoven, begged his forgiveness, pictured to him my helpless situation, and all the pressure brought to bear upon me by my mother. My letters came back to me unopened. There is nothing I would not have done if I could have spoken with Beethoven, who meanwhile had returned to Vienna, alone and undisturbed. But all my trouble was in vain. All my little plans which I had slyly contrived for this purpose he knew how to bring to naught. Then I learned one day, after I had humiliated myself by bribing his housekeeper over to my side, that he still was wont to take

his daily walks to the Linden-tree. At last I knew where to find him. To gain his forgiveness was everything to me, and one day I surprised him, here at the foot of this tree, in tears. I knew it—those tears were for me.

"‘Ludwig,’ I exclaimed, ‘can you forgive me?’

“Then he drew himself up in his majesty, and like an angry lion he stood before me, with lightning in his eyes. With a dignified and courteous gesture he waved me back, and the next moment he was gone—without a single word. Thus he has never forgiven me,” sobbed the Countess in a voice which was choked with tears.

“And did he never speak with you,” asked Schubert, who recognized in this story the stern, unbending character of Beethoven.

“We never even saw each other, and with him in life I certainly have never spoken again—but I have seen him since he died. In the middle of the night, unseen by the inquisitive, I knelt by his body, and won his forgiveness. My hot tears fell on his cold hand, and suddenly a calm took possession of my heart, which appeared to me as though it were the forgiveness I sought. Over the grave even the red flowers of hate grow white. I placed

in his coffin some leaves of this tree which I had plucked from it on the day of our final meeting here. And since the day of his funeral, I have come out to this tree every day. It is my pilgrimage; I wander here to the gravestone of my coffined hopes. Away, yonder, in the cemetery I am not alone with him, I am disturbed; but here I can hold my own quiet communion. Here I feel a peace within me. Beneath these branches, when the wind whispers softly through its rustling branches, it is as though I heard his voice:—

“‘Come here to me, Beloved,  
‘Tis here thou findest thy rest.’

“Here it was also, Schubert, that, coming time after time, I found you, and so had to change the hour of my visit. Today you have managed to surprise me.”

During this recital, the sun had gone down, and a few stars managed to flicker out into the evening glow.

“See, Schubert,” exclaimed the Countess, as she raised her arm to heaven like some inspired prophetess, “see how even already love’s messengers shoot out their light, and look tenderly upon the sufferer, and bring her kisses from the far-off land.” And the poor woman sank upon her knees in silent prayer.

Schubert stood quietly by, unwilling to disturb her. Then she suddenly rose. "It is time to part, Schubert. Today we have spoken together for the first and last time—nay, I will have it so," she added, as she noticed that he would say something in protest—"but I have one single request to make, that you keep my secret safe. This place is my place of worship. Schubert, you have the key of the door; do not use it wrongfully."

"Nay, I swear by your ladyship," said Schubert solemnly, taking her by the hand, "by the memory of that dead friend who looks down upon us from those clouds, looks down upon you in kindness and reconciliation."

"And now, Schubert, leave me; for I would fain collect my thoughts before I set off on my way back."

He obeyed, and with a melancholy air turned his steps homewards.

It was on the night of August 24th when Schubert was sitting close to his piano, diligently writing and composing. Midnight had struck long ago, and the candles were burning low in their sockets—still the master worked restlessly on. It looked as thought he were determined to get his task, whatever it was, finished before the morrow. Suddenly he got

up, and walked hurriedly to the window, and threw it open, for the air was oppressive. A thunderstorm was coming up; the sky was obscured with black clouds; not a single star was to be seen; the whirling dust swept the streets.

Once more Schubert returned to the table, made a few strokes with the pen still standing, threw his pen away, and cast a rapid glance over the manuscript.

"My work of love is accomplished, and I bring it now as a birthday present to my dear friend. To thy Shade I have dedicated a song, to thee and to thy fate. It is thy Linden-tree. To-morrow the Countess will be there, and where she hangs the wreaths, she will find this song."

At this point the speaker's soliloquy was interrupted, for the storm burst with incredible fury. Schubert closed the window, as a mighty peal of thunder rolled round the house accompanied by a blinding flash.

"But, that the poor Countess should find full comfort in this gift for her wounded heart, the stars, which brought her so much consolation, ought to shine—— However, I must to rest —my part is complete."

Next day the morning broke bright and

clear. The thunder had but served to refresh drooping Nature. Not a tree, nor a leaf, not a blade of grass but what lived anew. Joyously Schubert hastened away. He had hit upon, as he hoped, a new idea for bringing balm and healing to the stricken heart of the Countess.

It had flashed across him, as he approached the place, that the best way to ensure her seeing the songs (for that she would come to-day he had no sort of doubt) was to attach them to the wreaths by means of the blue ribands which bound the latter.

He strode onwards—what a spectacle met his gaze. The lightning of the previous night had struck the Linden, and there it lay uprooted upon the ground, bereft of all its wealth of leaves. But the laurels and everlasting flowers remained unsinged!

The Linden has vanished from that place, and the wreaths as well. The musician too, lies asleep near his beloved friend; but his songs—“The Linden-tree” and “The Stars”—these live forever, to the undying memory of Beethoven and Schubert.

# **THE PHANTOM DOUBLE**



## THE PHANTOM DOUBLE

WINTER prevailed in all its rigour: the fields were clad in snow, giving promise of a rich fruit harvest to come. The leafless trees were glittering and sparkling with a thousand borrowed jewels, while the roofs of the houses and cottages were almost buried under the weight of their white mantles.

By the time that the clock in the church steeple had struck five, the gray sky was already hidden behind the black veil of night. Snow was falling in great flakes, the streets and alleys were all deserted, the roads were impassable, and only one single traveller seemed to brave the cruel elements, as he slowly made his way to the Wahring cemetery. Boldly, and step by step, he battled against the storm, till at last he reached the iron gates, and violently pulled the bell which communicated with the gravedigger's house. After a moment the light of a lantern became visible, and finally a fur-clad form appeared, hobbled slowly to the gate, and peered out to see who it was that came so late, and in such weather, to disturb the place.

"Come, open, my good fellow; 'tis already late enough, and I have a sacred duty to fulfil.

I have a wreath here which I want to lay on the grave of one whom I must ever keep in memory—tomorrow is Nov. 4th, his birthday —alas, that he left us so soon!"

While he was speaking the gravedigger opened the gate. Startled by the noise, a flock of ravens rose up and sped across the cemetery in frantic flight, filling the air with their hoarse croaking.

The stranger chose the left-hand path, and advanced towards the wall of the cemetery. "I am coming, Carl," whispered the unknown one to himself; "you didn't expect me so late, and thought I had forgotten you—you who are the very image of my own past boyhood. Years have flown since then, when you inspired me to compose my first song—at least the first that you ever heard—and also the last. Your dying soul it was that awakened mine. Many is the song that I have composed since that night, and today, if the leaves of Fame are rustling round my head, it is all your doing, Carl; the applause which my works have gained in the world of music brings me neither pride nor happiness—for all happiness, all pride end here!"

Muttering thus, he went slowly on in face of the storm and blinding snow, with head

bent to the ground, for right well he knew the spot where the cold earth covered his dear friend. At last he looked up, and there on the grave mound he saw a Figure sunk in prayer. "Who is there but I," thought the lonely traveller, over whom an involuntary shudder passed, "that would be likely to perform this little act of love towards the unknown boy?"

Hastily, the better to solve the riddle, he approached the Figure, which, without so much as heeding him, raised itself up and scurried away. It was an unsubstantial, ghostly form, which froze the blood in his veins, and made his heart stand still.

Without looking round, for fear that he should again see the ghastly apparition, he moved close up to the grave and hung the fresh wreath of flowers upon the snow-clad cross. "Accept, my Carl, the wreath I bring thee. It is a remembrance of my loyalty and affection, and it speaks to thee and says, 'Bloom on, thou lovely flower, in the garden of thy Lord, and grow under the eye of God until thou comest to the joys of Heaven and everlasting blessedness.'" He made the sign of the Cross, and then silently repeated the Lord's Prayer for the sleeping child. His prayer ended, he was just about to go, when

his glance fell again on the Figure he had previously seen, which was now kneeling in prayer before an empty space close by the cemetery wall.

No tombstone, no cross marked the place. The unknown man approached the Figure—at all costs he must know who this was that had prayed in front of him at Carl's grave. "Sir," he said, with trembling voice, "I find you praying at the grave of my dear pupil . . . Did you know Carl?"

The Figure, which appeared to be that of a man, nodded in the affirmative.

"I meet you here at this place? Without doubt there lies here someone who is dear to you?"

Not a word.

Meantime, the snow-laden clouds had been swept away, and on the horizon the moon came up, shedding its pale bright light around.

"At least, you know the man, who after life's hard battle has at length found rest here?"

The Figure turned to the questioner—the cloak fell open—the features became visible—a piercing cry rang out—Schubert turned and fled. The face that he had seen was—his own!

A peal at the bell before Schubert's house

made Therese, his old servant, quake in her shoes. She was all alone, and had been saying her prayers in the dark, till, favored by the prevailing stillness, she had dropped off to sleep in the middle. It was just then that the violent ringing of the bell frightened her out of her dozing and dreaming. She got up, procured a light, and opened the front door, holding the lamp up in the direction of the visitor, so that the light fell full on his face. She started back in horror—it was as though she had gazed upon a visitant from another world. Without doubt the features she had seen were those of Schubert, and yet—there was a something not his about them. A deathly pallor was on his cheeks, and his glassy eyes stared lifelessly out of their sockets, just as through they had lost their power of sight.

Schubert appeared not to observe the terror of the servant. With a feeble "Good evening, Therese," he rushed past her and up to his room.

Shaking her head significantly, the maid stole after him, and placed her ear close to the door to listen. Not that she was inquisitive, but truly and sincerely anxious for the welfare of the man whom she had fondled and nursed as a child in the old parental home.

She knew where he had come from, and had already noticed how excited he was, when he had bidden her go out to buy the wreath. The faithful soul stood with folded hands before the door.

Then she heard the piano open, and tones like funereal dirges struck upon her listening ear.

"Ah, how they wail and sigh! Something must be done to cure my poor master of this melancholy mood. I've never seen him like this before, though many's the time he's come back straight from his old pupil's grave! How can I help him? Can't I go and ask——"

She took a step or two to her chamber, and taking up a sealed packet, she began to talk to herself in self-satisfied accents, "God willing, this will help him; this is the best medicine for his distracted state!"

She knocked gently at the door and entered the room, within which she found Schubert sitting at the piano, indulging in the profoundest rhapsody.

"Franz," she said, for her age and circumstances gave her the privilege of calling her master by his Christian name, "this afternoon a servant left this packet for you."

"Just leave it there, it's only the proof of

my last Sonata. Diabelli chases me about like a hunted hare. There's the usual letter inside to ask if another song is not ready—oh, how many more must I compose before I make a name," said Schubert, under his breath, "and can feel independent and careless?"

"But the message doesn't come from the publisher at all. As if I didn't know Lawrence when I see him? This was a servant in blue livery."

"In blue livery—with a silver border?" asked Schubert; "quickly, give me a light."

The maid hastily did as she was bid; and then, overjoyed at seeing her Franz occupied with other thoughts, she left the room.

Schubert's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw the address on the packet, and recognized the handwriting.

"From her!" he joyously exclaimed, aloud; then fearing lest he should be overheard by someone, he muttered: "How imprudent of me" and hastily tore off the cover. A beautifully bound book, with an inscription in gold lettering, "In everlasting memory of G. C.", presented itself to his astonished gaze, and within it lay a tiny sheet of paper, delicately folded together. This Schubert proceeded to open. Scarce had his first glance fallen upon

it than his face grew white, the blood rushed to his heart, and with trembling lips he read half aloud as follows:—

“My Dear Friend,

“When these lines reach you, I shall be far from the Residence. My husband became, in the most unaccountable way, possessed of our sweet secret, and it was in vain that I tried to deceive him. Only one way is left, though it is with a torn and bleeding heart I write it. I myself have proposed to him that we move right away from the Residence. That he consented to this plan I thank that same Providence that allowed me to learn to know you, my beloved, and transformed for me so many bitter hours into happy minutes. Schubert, the parting from you means the numbing of my soul; henceforth, I am alone. The rough north wind has given me my deserts, and nipped my love in the bud. Now I follow my unloved husband, Heaven knows for how long, without a friend! As for you, give yourself up to your Muse, and draw from it inspiration and—forgetfulness. The accompanying Book of Songs, which Heine has written out of very riot and tempest of soul, accept from one who will ever think of you with blissful affection. May these inspire you to

new songs of love! This is the wish of your  
"GABRIELLE."

The paper fell to the ground.

"'Tis the last will and testament of one  
who abandons me for love," sighed Schubert,  
"and high in reverence will I hold it."

He opened the book and his eyes fell upon  
a poem. Scarcely had he read the first lines  
than the blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Fate," cried he, in an agony of pain, "dost  
thou again mock me, thou pale companion  
mine, or do I already belong to another  
world?" In feverish haste he turned to the  
piano and struck a loud chord. "Thank God,  
I am still alive; my heart still beats, my mind  
still acts;" and full of emotion he seized paper  
and pen. "Gabrielle, I thank thee for thy gift;  
'tis I will be thy singer; to thee shall the first  
song from the book be devoted."

"Alas!" sighed Therese; "there, he's begin-  
ning to play again. I thought I had cured him  
of all his mysterious dreams yet once more I  
hear those gloomy tones, as though he were  
chanting his own funeral Dirge."

Weirdly clang the chords of the key of B  
minor, and went trembling through the room  
like voices from the grave. The old woman  
stood like one petrified before the door. The

clock from the neighbouring church steeple  
struck eleven in sepulchral tones.

"Silent the streets, by night overtaken;  
This house my loved one's presence did  
grace;  
But she the town has now forsaken,  
Though there the house stands in the self-  
same place.

"And there stands a man, who upwards is  
staring,  
His hands hard wringing in outbursts of  
woe;  
I shudder, his form with mine comparing,  
The moon to me doth my own features  
show.

"Thou pale companion, thou counterfeit  
fellow,  
Why act this hideous pantomime?—  
Why ape the pangs that here I suffer'd,  
So many a night in former time?"

"Nay, cost what it will, he must to rest,"  
whispered the anxious listener, and flung open  
the door of his room. Her beloved master lay  
senseless on the floor!

The tones of the Lyre had died away—its  
golden strings had snapped in twain! On the

afternoon of Nov. 21st, 1828, the remains of the Master singer, who had caught typhoid fever during his visit to the cemetery, were laid in the ground, at that very spot where a few days before he had seen his own wraith praying. And his immortal soul was wafted up into the kingdom of indissoluble harmony.





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